

You Can Escape

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Summary: What happens when Sarah tells her parents of the Labyrinth?

You Can Escape

> <meta name="Generator"> Disclaimer: Labyrinth characters do not belong to me

Disclaimer: Labyrinth characters do not belong to me. They belong to someone else; I'm just not sure who.

Author's Notes: This is my first Labyrinth fanfic, and I probably should have done a different story because this one is way from the norm, but I'm feeling brave. Please comment; feedback is not only welcomed, it's worshipped! :)

You Can Escape

A Labyrinth fanfic by Celtic Air / Janet Jongebloed

We can show you a good time, and we don't charge nothing...

"Dad, why won't you listen to me?" Sarah pounded her foot on the wooden floor. The quarrel had been going on for nearly an hour now; both of the participants were worn out.

"Sarah, I don't want to hear any more about Labyrinths, these imaginary friends or yours, or this Goblin King." Her father demanded.

Over to the left, Sarah's stepmother held little Toby, he was crying ceaselessly. She looked worried, more of Sarah's outburst, than of her condition. With skeptical eyes, she stared at Sarah.

"Why won't you believe me?" Sarah started to cry. "I saved Toby," Her voice broke, as her body took a nimble step towards Toby.

Backing away, carefully, the older woman gaped at her husband, "Well, do something, she's acting like a raving lunatic."

Sarah's father shrugged, "What am I supposed to do?"

Sarah, having all that she could take, tired and suddenly feeling very alone; fled from the house. Running out the front doors, the cold air surprised her body as she dashed into the night. The Victorian house got smaller and smaller as she got further and further away, determined not to come back.

How could they not trust her? She had risked everything to save their child. She had given up her dreams in order to do the right thing and rescue Toby. Everything she had told them was real. True, it was a strange and farfetched story, but it had happened, hadn't it? A small part of her was scared that it might have all been a dream. But it was so real, the colors so vibrant, the feelings so tangible.

After a stroll around the town, Sarah wasn't as upset anymore. Deciding to go back again, she turned onto her street. Walking towards the house, she became more and more sure of herself.

Glancing at her watch, it told her it was near Midnight. Even the watch reminded her of the Labyrinth; the 13th hour. Jareth had reordered time for her, but now back in the real world time moved slower. It caused a peculiar type of jet lag.

The door opened slowly, relatively soundlessly. Sarah turned towards the living room, with one thought in her mind: sleep. Trying not to wake anyone up, she proceeded into the living room.

Unexpectedly, the lights flashed on. Out of the shadows stepped two men in white coats. They had been waiting for her. The site tore away Sarah's inner strength.

"I'm sorry, Sarah." Her father said from the stairs as the two men moved towards her. "This is for your own good."

"You're going to have to come with us," one of the men from the psychiatric ward told her.

"What?" Sarah backed away. "No!" Frightened and not thinking, she hit one of the men with her foot. He fell over, surprised at the young girl's strength. Relishing her small victory, she didn't see the other one come up behind her, until he deftly grabbed her by the waist.

"Let me go!" She screamed through the house. "No!"

Out-muscling her, the two men managed to get control. Urging their patient outside, they brought her to a van that had been parked across the street.

"No. This can't be happening," Sarah thought as she sat in the back of the van, "I'm not crazy!"

A few hours later, Claire Thompson was talking to Sarah's parents in the waiting room. She wore a white lab coat and carried a clipboard. "Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, I am sorry that we did not let you see your

daughter sooner, but we were running tests, trying to come up with the cause of this sudden delusion."

"But we can see her now?" Mr. Hobson was extremely anxious.

"Yes, come this way." The doctor led them past locked doors and security officers. The psychiatric ward of the hospital had strict safety and precaution regulations.

Before entering the last locked door at the end of the hallway, the doctor looked at the two parents. "I just want to warn you that your daughter has been restrained."

"Why," Mr. Hobson questioned. "She's not dangerous."

"I'm sorry, it's procedure," The doctor opened the lock with her ID Badge. The big metal door swung open.

In a hospital bed, Sarah was looking slightly drugged. Her arms were held at the wrists by two beige belt-like things.

"Sarah? How are you feeling?" Her father asked pensively.

She chose not to respond, feeling betrayed.

"Toby and you step-mother are here too." He ventured into the conversation again. Sarah's stepmother moved closer into the room, standing by her husband.

Still Sarah didn't acknowledge them.

Her father sighed, "Well, we'll be in the waiting room if you want us." He turned towards the door. "We'll always be here for you, you know that right?"

Sarah continued her silence, staring at the ceiling.

Her parents left the room. Sarah watched them go and heard the door slam shut. Freedom disappeared beyond the door. It was a thing of the past, she realized. As long as she was there, the door would constantly be in her way. She closed her eyes, trying to make it all disappear.

Suddenly, a familiar but unwelcome voice interrupted the small room's quietness. "Poor Sarah."

Her eyes shot open as she stared at Jareth. "Go away," She commanded, with a hint of a warning in her voice.

"I'm here to help you, Sarah." Jareth stepped towards the bed.

"You're not real." She was trying to convince herself of the fact.

"What makes you so sure?" He crossed his arms across his chest.

She almost broke down in tears, "They don't believe me."

"Do you believe, Sarah?" The sentence hung in the air.

She turned away from him, "What I think doesn't matter anymore."

"Are you sure of that?" After a moment he waved his hands in her direction. The bindings that were holding her wrists undid themselves. Slowly sitting up in bed, Sarah rubbed her aching wrists.

She pushed her hair back away from her face. Confused, she only cared about escape, "You said you could help me?"

"This is worse than an obliette. If you stay here, they'll forget about you." He produced a crystal from an unknown source. A picture of the labyrinth swirled inside it. "The labyrinth" Jareth grinned arrogantly, "Do you like it?" He tossed the crystal to her.

Sarah caught the small ball with both hands. It was cold, colder than would have been expected. The labyrinth swam before her eyes as she looked into it. "It's...nice..."

"Nice? Nice?" He asked inconceivably, "Only nice?"

"It's amazing," Sarah answered, not thinking, but it was the truth. "I've never been anywhere like that... I've never met people and creatures like that..."

He offered his hand to her, "Then come with me, Sarah."

She looked at him, feeling a little uncertain. Leave? Forever? Could she? No one would miss her here. Jareth was right, if she stayed in her world she would be forgotten; locked away in a hospital for the rest of her life.

Reaching out her hand, Sarah accepted his offer.

"As the pain sweeps through

Makes no sense for you

Every thrill has gone

Wasn't too much fun at all

But I'll be there for you

As the world falls down"

THE END

End
file.